

The N.Z. Countrywoman

CIRCULATION 10,000

VOL. XV. No. 3

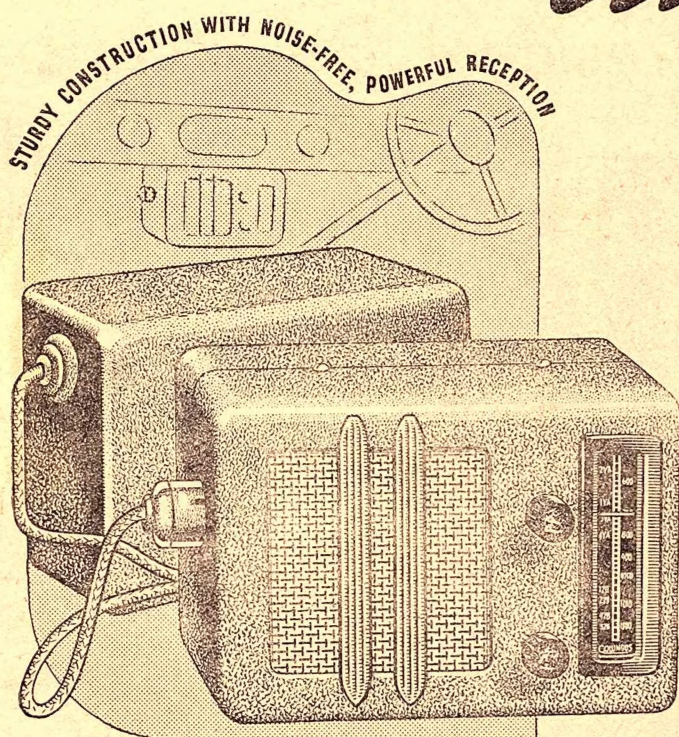
WELLINGTON, N.Z.

AUGUST, 1947



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The N.Z. Countrywoman



VOL. XV, No. 3

OFFICIAL ORGAN:
WOMEN'S DIVISION, F.F.N.Z.

AUGUST, 1947

Dominion President:

Mrs. W. ELLIOTT, Outram R.D., Otago.

Dominion Treasurer:

Mrs. H. J. McLEAVEY, Muhunua East
R.M.D., Ohau.

Dominion Secretary:

Mrs. A. B. SMITH, P.O. Box 1601,
Wellington.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Dominion Secretary.

The Dominion President Broadcasts



On the eve of Dominion Conference, our Dominion President, through a national hook-up of YA stations, broadcast to the members of the Division who were not able to be at Conference. Following is the script from which she broadcast.

Good evening. I am speaking on the eve of the annual Dominion Conference of the Women's Division of the Federated Farmers of New Zealand, and on the eve, too, of my departure for Amsterdam. There I am to lead our delegation of five representatives at the World Conference of Countrywomen,

meeting early in September. I know that on this occasion many thousands of our members, some of you in very isolated areas, are listening to-night, and I do want to give you my greetings and to tell you a little of what we hope will come out of this year's conference.

Many of my listeners, perhaps, won't know the Aims and Objects of the Women's Division. I can explain them simply by saying that we are an organised body of women working to better conditions in the country, especially in the interests of women and children. To this end our branches study many subjects; for instance, education, health

and economic problems. These all find a place on our conference agenda, and although definite action might not be taken, in some cases, we regard the discussion as informative and it helps our members to develop their minds and form constructive ideas.

In the education of our children, we desire to do away with educational disabilities, and to see that country schools are provided, as nearly as possible, with the same advantages and privileges as city and town schools. We greatly admire the work of the Correspondence School, and we are closely interested in it because so many of our country children are being educated by correspondence. But we would like to see many more visiting teachers appointed when the opportunity offers.

As country mothers, we would prefer that our children could be educated entirely in the country, so that they won't lose their country bias and interest. And for that reason, where the consolidation of schools is necessary, we urge that the consolidated school be in the rural districts. The Women's Division regards this as an important measure, in view of the increasing drift of young people away from the country.

Last year our conference was in the nature of a celebration, for it was the 21st birthday of the Women's Division. We had a birthday objective—it was to acquire our own Dominion Headquarters in Wellington. Through the wonderful generosity of our branches this objective was reached in October last year. We were able to buy a property which has now been adopted for our purposes and provides us with offices, a meeting room and a small hostel section. It is a great joy to me as Dominion President to know that we've been able to ensure for our organisation a permanent place for the future in the capital city. During conference week I intend to ask Mrs. C. C. Jackson, one of our pioneer members and a former

(Continued on page 2)

HEADQUARTERS' NOTES

CONFERENCE, 1947

Wellington provided a mixture of weather for Conference this year—there were some sunny spots and some very wet spots, but the spirit prevailing throughout Conference just put the weather into shadow.

The highlight of Conference was probably the official opening on Tuesday, July 15th, when Her Excellency, Lady Freyberg, opened the Conference. Her Excellency wore a lovely, simply-cut geranium red evening frock with a square neck line. A long string of crystal beads and a red ornament in her hair were the only ornaments worn.

Her Excellency endeared herself to the delegates immediately with her charming manner and the able way in which she spoke of and praised the Division work. Members of the Advisory Board and all Provincial Presidents were presented to her and before leaving after supper she must have greeted almost every woman in the Hall.

The Mayoress of Wellington, Mrs. W. Appleton, was also present at this function, and she extended a welcome to Wellington to all delegates and extended good wishes for a successful Conference.

On the same day, in the afternoon, an informal social gathering was held and during the afternoon Mrs. C. C. Jackson, a foundation member, officially opened the new Dominion Headquarters. During her remarks, Mrs. Jackson suggested that Junior Branches might care to contribute tray cloths, wagon covers or a table cloth to Headquarters. After the official opening, approximately 200 delegates went up to Headquarters and looked over the building. They were unanimous in their enthusiasm for the building and many remarked how proud they were that the money raised had been spent so wisely.

Otago Province celebrates its Centennial next year and it was the wish of Conference that Conference be held in Dunedin, so plans are already under way to carry out this decision. It may appear to be a little difficult for North Island branches, but that will be overcome as the time draws nearer and what a boost for South Island branches it will be.

It is with deep regret that we announce that our Dominion President will not be going to the A.C.W.W. Conference. As Mrs. Elliott herself said, one door after another opened to reveal

transport available and then just quietly closed again. All possible has been done to get Mrs. Elliott away, but it has just been impossible and although Conference decided that she must fly, Mrs. Elliott did not feel happy about all that money being spent on her trip and decided that she could not go. Mrs. Elliott says she will put all that time into visiting as many branches and Provincials as she can manage.

The Monster Bring and Buy Stall was very popular and realised in the vicinity of £120, including donations from a few branches who found that better than sending goods.

Competitions were conducted in conjunction with the stall and the winners are as follows:

Hand-knitted Bed Jacket: Mrs. E. Doak, Oxford.

Lamb's Wool Rug: Mrs. O. Browne, Kaitoke.

Fruit Cake: Mrs. G. M. Kurth, Omata.

Damask Tablecloth: Mrs. J. E. Craig, Huiroa.

Parcel of Linen: Mrs. R. E. Waghorn, Riccarton.

Ham: Mrs. A. C. McCaul, Waitara.

In "Te Kiteroa's" annual report it was said that the Rest Home cow was so large that an O.S. cover had to be bought for her.

Material for publication MUST be in the Dominion Office by the first of the month preceding issue.

THE DOMINION PRESIDENT BROADCASTS

(Continued from page 1)

Dominion President, to officially declare our Headquarters open. And when Mrs. Jackson speaks to the delegates assembled in conference, she will in effect be speaking to all members throughout the Dominion who have made this achievement possible. Thank you one and all for your generosity and support.

The Women's Division is first of all a philanthropic organisation, giving service through its Emergency Housekeeper scheme and its Rest Home work. The housekeeper scheme was the original idea of foundation members and it has proved so successful that other societies in New Zealand and overseas have accepted it as a guide in establishing similar work. Under this scheme housekeepers are sent to country homes in times of emergency and are transferred from one home to another. The service mainly provides for assistance in cases of maternity, or when the mother of a family is ill.

Our Rest Homes are the other feature of our work which gives us the right to be classified as a philanthropic organisation. We have three Rest Homes for country women, one at Pal-

merston North, one at Nelson and a third at Waimate, in South Canterbury. A word to Auckland members of the Women's Division: I know you are anxiously awaiting the establishment of a Rest Home in your district. You will be pleased to know that at present we are negotiating the purchase of a property in Auckland. Soon, we hope, our chain of homes will be complete. And I would like to mention this point. Non-members are made as welcome at Women's Division Rest Homes as members, and everybody who has experienced the pleasure of a rest in any of these Homes has praised the friendliness and comfort which go with them.

Before I say "Good-night," I would like to say how much I appreciate the splendid contribution being made by and through the branches of the Division towards Post-war Relief. The monthly parcels of food going forward to Britain are being gratefully acknowledged, and are giving relief to many whose need is urgent. And some of them, I know, are made up at much personal sacrifice. As an organisation, I am anxious that we shall play our part well, not only in the work of reconstruction and rehabilitation, but by developing a truly international outlook. By tolerance and understanding of the

lives and needs of others, it shall be said of the country women of New Zealand: "They are good neighbours."

CONFERENCE JOTTINGS

One delegate was heard to say at Conference, in reporting on Housekeeper work in her district, "We had a Housekeeper, but she's dead at the moment."

Advisory Board, take a bow! Mrs. Ward, a past Dominion President, was asked if she wouldn't like to be up on the stage with the Vice-Presidents again and she replied, "No, I am enjoying sitting down here watching all you young ones doing the work."

Following a lengthy discussion on labour-saving devices, the discussion moved round to a forty-hour week and how impossible it is for a woman, let alone a country woman, to work only forty hours a week. Then Mrs. Wickham brought the discussion to a laughable climax by saying, "... and let's have no labour on Saturdays for country mothers."

Wellington Provincial Executive, in whose hands was the Sales table at Conference, wish to thank all branches and members who took the trouble to send in goods for sale and also those branches who sent donations.

*Acknowledged Leader
in the
Baking Powder field*



For nearly three generations Edmonds Sure-to-Rise pure grape cream-of-tartar Baking Powder has set a standard of excellence. Its unfailing quality and even consistency, its utter dependability, has made it the foundation of perfect baking, and built for the name of Edmonds a reputation for quality which is unassailable.

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BAKING POWDER

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SPLINTERS FROM THE BACKBLOCKS

By "Chips."

Click - click - click - click - another inch to the heel. Sally's needles flew industriously—the house was peaceful after a busy day. The backlog on the fire glowed brightly. Really, thought Sally, the fire and wireless made pleasant companions; those Strauss waltzes, how soothing they were. Her needles began to falter—she really must relax for a moment or two.

"Thud"—quite a big splinter fell off the end of the log into the fire—or was it a splinter? No, it was not. It was the thud-thud of a horse's hooves.

Sally and Jock were young again, riding back from their honeymoon to their first home in the Central King Country. "Thud, squelch, squelch, splash" as the patient horses drew their legs from out of one mud hole into another along the six-foot track. Track, was it? Rather a sea of mud, mile after mile down the long winding hill.

Sally cast many anxious glances at the old pack-horse trudging behind, carrying her trunks of carefully chosen and precious trousseau strapped on either side of his pack-saddle—the box

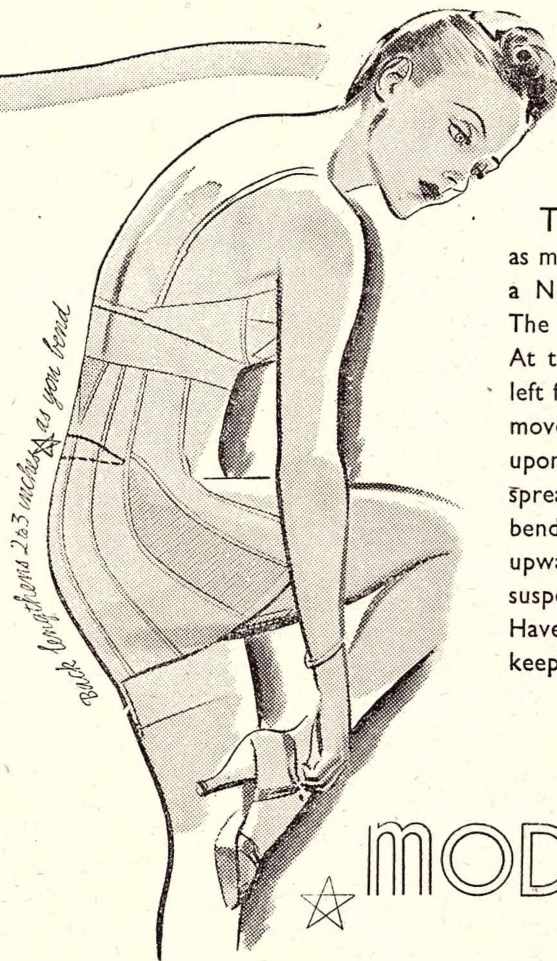
with her best hat perched precariously on top.

It was two long hours since they had left the little wayside station. At last the hill was ended. The track now wound in and out along the bottom of a valley. Tall rimus, ratas, totaras and big tree ferns. Really beautiful scenery, thought Sally, but where was the promised home? "Ah!" There was a break in the bush. A hilly clearing came into sight, green grass growing bravely amongst gaunt blackened stumps and huge logs, and there, perched up on the top of the hill was the new home.

Sally's heart beat quickly with somewhat anxious anticipation as the horses picked their way up the hill through the clearing—several times the precious trunks had a scrape along the side of a log as the old pack horse bent from

(Continued on Page 14)

EXTENDS LIKE A FAN AS YOU BEND



The lack of elastic has never affected Nu-back as much as other corsets, because the flexibility of a Nu-back has never depended on mere rubber. The whole construction of the garment supplies it. At the waist-back the upper and lower-edges are left free to slide smoothly over one another as you move. Like the ribs of a fan, they lie closed, one upon the other, when the body is upright, and spread out 2 to 3 inches from one another as it bends. With this 'hinge' freedom, there is no upward drag to dislodge the hip control, nor strain suspenders.

Have your fling—a Nu-back knows its place and keeps it!

★ MODAIRE

Nu-back
PATENT
can't ride up



IF I HAD DREAMS TO SELL, WHAT WOULD YOU BUY?

FIRST PRIZE

Oh, that I had the power to bring untold happiness, health, good cheer and faith to the thousands who lack these things.

That I had the seeing eye and the willing heart and hand to perform those countless little deeds of kindness which might ease the lot of my neighbours and friends whose lives are less blessed than my own!

Not wealth? or Comfort, you say? No, a thousand times, no! Who has not seen happiness and kindness and courtesy in the poorest cottage? Are these things not to be desired much more than the wealth and the comfort and the ease which so many in New Zealand to-day spend their days striving to attain? I would that "others before self" became the order of the day in New Zealand!

Would that I always had the power to see the best in others—to minimise their faults, remembering that I have many of my own. That I had the faculty for recognising, and giving thanks to God for all benefits and blessings that I enjoy from day to day and for ignoring or overcoming the many small inconveniences and difficulties that confront me.

Would that every member of the Women's Division was always conscious of that GOOD CHEER mentioned in the February Countrywoman—that Good Cheer involving gratitude for the past, joy in the present and faith in the future!—"Margaret."

SECOND PRIZE

Dreams to sell? Thank you, madam, I shall have a dream of travel. I shall go mainly by aeroplane; nothing else could keep up with my eager desire.

First, let us visit America, land of great open spaces and boundless wealth, with her great cities whose buildings almost touch the sky. The South, too, bound so long by the chains of superstition, has special interest; and her great republics, with their ever-changing rulers.

And then, too, to England! Home of our fathers, still, in a sense, our Homeland. I shall explore historic buildings, and gaze with sorrow at her many ruins, so slow of resurrection. Then away to the country, the sweet rolling Downs and the clear rivers, the hedge-

CHIT CHAT

by Christine

Dear Fellow Members,

Here I am sitting before a blazing log fire with your entries all around me, reading them over again and again. There were a goodly number of entries and all of them interesting, so it is no easy task to judge them.

I am glad both old and young have their dreams. In the eventide of life the old can look back on their dreams, some realised, some shattered, but the broken pieces lovingly cherished. The young in heart still have their brave new dreams of to-morrow. Seldom are our dreams fully realised, but it is well to remember "Who aimeth at a star shoots higher far, than he who climbs a tree."

What most impressed me was that your dreams were not for yourselves alone. They were bigger and more unselfish than that. To all those who shared their dreams with me I am grateful—if only our dreams would come true; but let us go forward determined that, at least in part, they will come true.

First prize of 7/6 goes to "Margaret." Second prize of 5/- goes to "Reveille." Third prize of 2/6 goes to "Rata."

Now that the shortest day is past, Spring, the time of new growth, renewed energy and bustling activity, will soon be here with its promise and hope. The cycle of the year goes on and so must we—don't you feel the urge to get busy? The gardens will call us and, woman-like, we will want new clothes. Before that Conference will be upon us and I hope it will be a grand one. Even if you are not there, your delegates will bring you reports of its doings, and how you will enjoy them! Some of you I will meet at Conference—what fun!

The next competition, a story for our "Young New Zealand" page, closes on September 25th and the competition for the following issue is "The most interesting person I have met." Entries not to exceed 250 words.

Good wishes and love to you all,

CHRISTINE, Box 8, Collingwood.

rows that droop with scarlet berries, or glow with spring blossom. I must peep at the lovely home of the Scot, and the beloved Emerald Isle.

War-torn Europe? No! Dreams should be happy! Let's away to Switzerland, whose stalwart sons guarded her peace with a thousand guns. Then Africa's sunny fountains! To meet a lion, but no crocodiles, thank you!

To know the truth about Russia; to understand India; to see China, land of contrasts; and the romantic Pacific Islands!

Fascinating! And yet, the whole world teems with unrest.

Give me a quiet nook, with peaceful days, and the children coming in hungry for tea, chattering of the latest school news! Hubby peacefully reading the paper!

Thank you, madam! After all, my dream shall be of home!—"Reveille."

THIRD PRIZE

Dreams to sell! Unfortunately, Christine doesn't say how much she is charging. I had hoped dreams were free, as we usually have to pay for the realities. Here's hoping these dreams are free, because if ever they come true I know full well they will have to be paid for in hard cash!

The dream is for a motor trip round about the North Island, with congenial companions. That's a dream many people have had come true, but if I manage only part of it I shall be thrilled. Most of all I want to visit Russell and Waitangi and surrounding historical places, Rotorua, Waitomo Caves and all those wonderful regions that have to be seen to be appreciated. Several of

my dreams have come true—they are to have a home to call my own, a small garden and lawn I can care for myself, my family settled within visiting distance of me and a little more leisure now the family have grown up to do some of the things I have long wished to do. Things like time to read, sew at fancy work, visit and help a neighbour without feeling my own work at home was piling up on me; these mean much when one has been very busy bringing up a family and caring for a large home—"Rata."

When I was young, "Christine," I would have bought all the dreams you could sell—I used to dream my youthful dreams of wealth, gorgeous clothes, a beautiful home, a lovely family, travel, success!

With the passing of the years I find that I have achieved, in some small measure, most of these—even if the wealth was not quite as much as I had wished for, the success not as great, the journey not so far, the family quite plain! But I have a splendid husband, a loving family, a happy home, good health, many friends, and I am content.

The only dreams I would buy would be, first, for my family—for my growing son I would wish a life upright and noble and good, with a career as satisfactory as was his mother's; for my young daughter I would buy health, happiness, faithful friends, a husband fine and true and as happy a home life as that of her mother. Secondly, I would buy for the whole world and its people a dream full of peace—oh, how I wish I could!—that we might all pull

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ROUND THE REST HOMES



Introducing Mrs. M. Gumbrell, who for the past six months has been matron of "Te Kiteroa," in Waimate. Mrs. Gumbrell is a popular matron and says she loves "Te Kiteroa."



OVERSEAS NEWS

From China comes this news:

"OUR SHEEP ARRIVED"

The "air lifting" of Rewi Alley's 25 sheep created a two-day sensation in Shanghai, as the following newspaper report shows. "Alley has reported receiving the sheep in fine condition after their 400-mile truck journey from Lanchow, and he thanks again the breeders who gave them; Wright, Stephenson and Co., who arranged their collection and gave £250 in addition; the N.Z. Department of Agriculture which provided sea transport; CNRRA (Chinese counterpart to UNRRA) which provided the plane; the W.D.F.F., which gave shears, and all who have helped to raise the Sheep Expenses Fund to over £500."

CORSO's Bulletin, from which the above is quoted, also gives some space to the following, in telling how the public can help in useful and novel ways:

"Organisations which meet regularly, particularly W.I.'s and W.D.F.F.'s bring some small gift for CORSO to each meeting—a coin, pencils, a child's garment, a cake of soap, etc.; results of 'something new from something old,' sometimes they make them the subject of competition. Letter from a (very) Junior W.D.F.F. branch: 'We are sending 30 cakes soap, 1 small pink dog, 1 paper bag of scent bags for the little Greek girls to put in their hankies. We made these for them ourselves. One picture book, 1 box plasticine, 5 ribbons, 1 doll, 1 bear (rabbit?)."'

PIONEER STORY

The winner of the Pioneer Story is "Mabs," of Christchurch, and second place was gained by Mrs. Cross, of Longburn. Congratulations to you both and I hope you will write other articles for the magazine.

The prize-winning story will be published as soon as space permits.

FRIENDSHIP

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered,
And nobody helped us along,
If each, every moment, looked after himself

And good things all went to the strong:

If nobody cared just a little for "you,"
And nobody thought about "me,"
And we all stood alone in the battle of life,

What a dreary old world it would be . . .

But Life is sweet, just because of the friends we have made,

And the things which in common we share:

We want to live on, not because of ourselves,

But because of the people who care!
It's giving, and doing, for somebody else,

On all that Life's splendour depends;
And the joy of this world, when you've summed it all up,

Is found in . . .

THE MAKING OF FRIENDS.

* * *

A suggestion has been made that a list of stationery available from Headquarters should be published each issue but, unfortunately, prices and stocks are fluctuating to such an extent these days that any list published would too soon be out of date.

* * *

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

Across: 2, Commence; 9, avail; 10, lee; 12, sane; 14, LSD; 16, ban; 17, scar; 18, keepers; 20, end; 21, B.A.; 22, le; 23, seat; 25, arts; 27, hate; 29, salt; 33 M.C.; 35, e.g.; 36, bur; 37, illness; 41, made; 42, toe; 43, sap; 44, atop; 45, eye; 46, voile; 48, riveted.

Down: 1, misses; 2, Canada; 3, over; 4, ma; 5, milk; 6, else; 7, Elbe; 8, dense; 11, earl; 13, acne; 15, debt; 19, pass; 24, then; 25, at; 26, re; 28, ages; 30, abated; 31, ludo; 32, trepan; 33, mites; 34, cloy; 38, leer; 39, save; 40, spot; 41, male, 47, it.

* * *

Mrs. P. C. Jordan, who represents the Division on Standards Institute told us this about gloves and we thought our readers would be interested.

The phrase "to fit like a glove" can only be applied to a glove that has been table cut. Table cutting is the only sure method to guarantee

(a) Trueness to size and retention of fit and shape after wearing;

(b) That all faulty leather has been eliminated from the finished article;

(c) That the gloves will give good and lasting service and entire satisfaction.

So ask for "table cut" gloves because they are made from flawless leather, which is cut by hand to ensure perfect fit; are properly stitched and retain their shape and fit after wear. The STANDARD MARK certifies that gloves are table cut.

CHIT CHAT

(Continued from page 5)

together and "mould that great new world of freedom and friendship," so that the time would come—and stay—"when the seas are clean and fresh and safe, when the dying shall scream no more, and the starving are fed, and soft, green moss covers the tragic scars of ruined cities." Peace! Would that I could buy it—the greatest gift of all!—"Contentment."

I guess I have been a dreamer all my life, but, alas, they rarely come true; still, what would our lives be without our dreams of fancy—it takes one out of stark reality to the land of make-believe.

As a child, I dreamed of a lovely doll and pram, but Santa never brought one. Then I grew a little and it was a bicycle I dreamed of, but the only one I ever had was a borrowed one. I think during adolescence is the time we dream mostly. I badly wanted to be a dancer, which, to me, is one of the finest arts of self-expression, but funds would not allow it. I can laugh now, for a great dancer I would have been—weighing a mere 14 stone, but then, my dream of a girlish figure would perhaps have been achieved.

My story has a moral in it. I've grown older, experience has taught me my dreams were selfish. That is why they never came true. To-day I dream of a better world—a world of love and peace, where there is plenty to eat for all, trusting and loving our neighbours; giving instead of wanting. "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men." May that dream come true.—"Aringa."

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE

"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Thus run two lines from an old verse. On the face of it, it all sounds rather beautiful and gentle and sweet, perhaps. But is it? Look at the world. If the hands that rocked the cradle really did rule it into this state, it does not say much for them.

I am ready to proclaim, with no uncertain pen, that woman, ruling with the logic, organising power and justice which woman undoubtedly does possess would have done a good bit better than this if she really had had any firm hand in the job.

A week or so ago the N.C.W. organised a Women's Rally in Christchurch. A report of this appears in the N.Z. Woman's Weekly dated 3/4/47, and if procurable should be read by all women who have not already done so.

Speakers from all parts of the Dominion took part, and great stress was laid by the most prominent on the need

for a practical outlook, on the part of women, in every aspect of national life.

Business and professional women and housewives, be they country or city dwellers, must come forward and take a national interest in public matters.

The verse alluded to a moment ago, be it remembered, was written at a time when too great an interest in such things on the part of our sex was frowned upon.

Woman, well occupied within her four walls, "ruled" by gentle and, in those Victorian days, no doubt often sentimental, chiding and persuading of her lord and master. He faced the rough and tumble of life, following her advice or not, as he saw fit. She had no direct say of her own.

To-day the barriers are down. All avenues are open to us, from the professional woman who also stands for parliament, to the busy housewife or business girl who merely takes an active interest in what is going on in public

matters and uses her vote, nationally or locally, with intelligence.

Women should be done with a sentimental approach to anything; by no means least to public matters, in which they should refuse to shun an interest. Women who give in to the sort of view point which arises from uncontrolled and unbalanced emotions, are just as detrimental to progress as the would-be masculine or over-managing type, who try to literally "rule" by domineering.

To-day the country needs the influence of true womanly women brought into every phase of life. No country will prosper if either the masculine or feminine aspect is over-emphasised. The country is a fifty-fifty community, and should have representatives of both sexes prominent and members of both sexes throughout the country actively interested in all that takes place in its domestic life. This means a lively and intelligent contrast. Hasty judgment, hot feelings, blind following will not do.

Modern methods do not encourage cradle rocking, but the hand that settles the little one carefully, wisely and tenderly to sleep, and puts the bassinette out into the pure fresh air may (and should) very well take its place in helping to rule the world.—A member.



Here is rather a nice recipe for a savoury lunch or tea; it is called Welsh Rarebit, but is not the Rarebit with which we are familiar.

Butter a piedish and put in a layer of sliced onions, then a layer of pieces of bacon. Sprinkle over a fair thickness of grated cheese and buttered breadcrumbs or bread crumbs and dabs of butter. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 to 40 minutes and serve piping hot with toast.

PARTY PATTIES

Take slices of luncheon sausage, ham and chicken or black pudding and dip in batter or egg and breadcrumbs and fry a good brown. This makes a good meal served with baked tomatoes and/or fried onions and mashed potatoes.

Now I have what, to me, is some revolutionary news about a substitute for butter. It is paraffin oil such as you can buy from your grocer or chemist. I have done a great deal of experimenting and testing with it and have been very thrilled with the results. So far, I have made with success three-minute sponges (the recipe is printed below), lunch cake (page 144 in Household Guide, 9th edition), date and malt loaf (page 98), coffee cake and chocolate cake (using three-minute sponge recipe); in each case I used the paraffin oil in place of butter and used no butter at all. I have not yet tried biscuits but will do so and let you know the result—I just wonder if they could possibly be crisp and nice, but I intend trying them, anyway.

The three-minute sponge I use is this one. One cup flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons paraffin, 2 tablespoons milk. Put all these ingredients in a basin together and beat for three minutes then add two small teaspoons baking powder.

I hope some of you will try baking with paraffin and perhaps you would let me know if you try anything different.

Dear Dorothy,

Could you explain WHY, when preserving fruit with the new lid seals, it is necessary to leave a space of half an inch at the top of jar? I know that when the bottles are filled to the brim a vacuum is formed when the syrup and fruit cool.—Vacuum

Dear Vacuum,

I do not entirely agree with the statement that with the bottles filled to the brim a vacuum is formed, when the syrup and fruit cool. Admittedly, a partial vacuum is formed but this is due only to the contraction in the volume of the liquid and is insufficient to keep the lid firmly in place. If the bottle is filled to within half an inch of the top, the space between the top of the liquid and the lid contains mainly vapour from the syrup. This vapour, on cooling, condenses to a liquid, whose volume is much smaller than that of the vapour; thus a substantial vacuum is formed which SUCKS the lid tightly on to the jar and the screw top is then not necessary. It is important that the air present in the water is all removed by boiling as bacteria IN THE AIR will cause the fruit to go bad. A complete vacuum, I think, is unknown, because there would be nothing strong enough to hold it, its force would be so great.—Dorothy.

Dear Dorothy,

Have you ever tried this war-time rice pudding? Just imagine that you are going to make an ordinary baked rice pudding, but instead of using rice, substitute rolled oats—you'll be truly amazed at the result.—"Nutmeg."

Thank you, "Nutmeg," I will certainly try your recipe. It sounds good.—Dorothy.

It is men of faith who have saved the world, not men of knowledge.—Sir William Grenfell.

BED TIDY FOR AN INVALID

Materials:

- $\frac{3}{4}$ yard Patterned Furnishing Taffeta, 36in. wide.
- $\frac{3}{4}$ yard lining material to tone or contrast, 36in. wide.
- 1 card bias binding, to match the lining material,
- 3 yards of piping cord.
- A piece of cardboard, 12in. x 9in.
- Machine twist, to match the Taffeta.

Make a paper pattern for the bed-tidy from the measurements given in the diagram, allowing an extra $\frac{1}{2}$ in. all round for turnings. Make another pattern of the section with the bow on it. Using the patterns you have made, cut out the two pieces from the patterned material, cutting also a third oblong piece, 13in. x 10in.

With the same patterns, cut out two pieces from the lining material and a third piece 13in. x 10in. There are now six sections for the pattern.

Fold the bias binding over the piping cord and tack it into position.

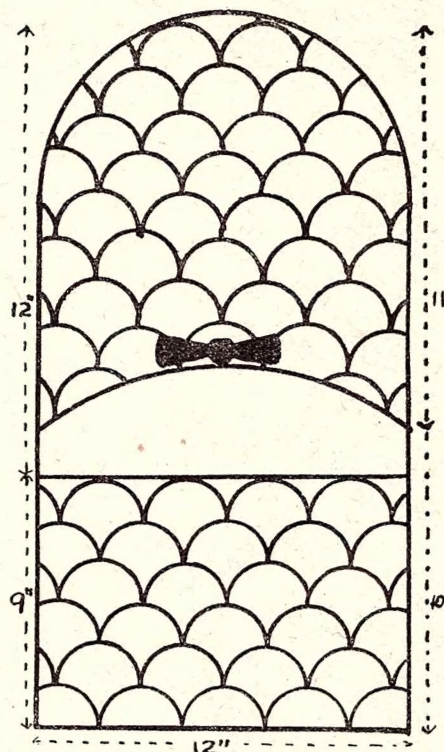
Make a single $\frac{1}{2}$ in. turning on to the wrong side, round both the semi-circular sections of the pattern. Place them together, wrong sides facing and stitch a length of the prepared piping cord between the top edges. Then tack the other edges together and press them.

Join the two large pattern pieces together in a similar way, stitching the piping cord into position all round the edge.

Make and tack a single $\frac{1}{2}$ in. turning round the edges of the remaining sections of the pattern on to the wrong side. Place them together, wrong sides facing, with the cardboard in between. Slip stitch round the edges. Oversew the semi-circular and the cardboard sections to the main part very neatly, so that the material is on the outside.

To finish off the tidy, make a small bow and stitch it on to the pocket.

Slip the cardboard part of the tidy under the mattress and allow the pocket to hang down beside the bed.



ISOLATED BRANCHES IN NELSON PROVINCIAL EXECUTIVE

The big branches of the Division in closely settled areas are very heartening and their many-sided activities go a long way in keeping us before the public eye—but little is heard of the many small distant branches which, in many cases are too inconveniently or expensively situated to attend Executive meetings regularly and so miss the spirit and enthusiasm of big numbers; and yet, a visit to some of these lonely ones is an absolute inspiration to officials. Quite recently our provincial president visited such a branch, that of the Gowan Bridge, a fairly new branch. They have only nine members all living in a shut valley between the state highway and Lake Rotorua. Her visit coincided with their first annual meeting—the balance sheet showed receipts for over £19. On enquiry as to how this had been achieved she was informed that they had supplied afternoon teas at local football and cricket matches. The expenditure side showed that a big proportion of this amount had been used to send food parcels to England. They were keenly interested in the doings of the Division and voted instantly for the proposed visit of the Dominion President to the A.C.W.W. conference at Amsterdam.

Another isolated branch is Maruia, on the Lewis Pass Road. Our president visited them some time ago. The meeting was held under an awning at the local dog trials. They had only been formed a short time, and had not much

to show, but were thoroughly interested and ready to help. Both these branches have come into existence through the efforts of the Murchison branch.

Still another "outpost" is that of French Pass. That can only be reached by sea, and means a long journey by launch, or a journey on the Nelson-Wellington steamer. About midnight, the ship slows down, and the visitor clambers down the side on a rope ladder to the deck of a launch. It sounds rather formidable, but is not, for there are many strong hands to help and then away goes the launch to one of the bays where kind settlers are waiting up ready to receive the traveller with a warm welcome and the usual "cup that cheers." On the day arranged launches come from all directions carrying members of the Federated Farmers and Division members. They have all day sittings in adjacent houses, combining for lunch and later for afternoon tea, and then away they "chig chug" in their launches on their homeward ways. The only people who had not come by launch had walked many miles over the hills. The meeting was well carried out and showed members to be well informed on branch matters and was a real joy to attend. Money and time spent on such journeys are well worth while. And so the work of our beloved Division goes on, permeated and linked together by the spirit of our creed and our high ideals of service. The matter of Lone Members is being emphasised, and one distant branch has lately managed to link up

nine such, and recently managed to arrange transport for them all to Motupiko, their centre, and held a happy little party for them.




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The Garden

By "BLUEGUM"

SOIL AND THE GARDENER

It is really an awe-inspiring thought that all life is dependent on a layer of fertile soil covering the earth's surface, a layer whose depth is measured in inches only. Still more awe-inspiring when we know that millions of years were required for the making of those few inches.

In the past, both the remote and the immediate past, man has not been provident of the soil—he has allowed the work of ages to be destroyed by criminal neglect.

Three hundred years ago America was a land of great forests and sweeping grasslands, the rivers and streams abounded with fish and game was plentiful. To-day, through man's improvident use of nature's bounty a vast area of North America is a great dust bowl, and most of her rivers are so polluted with the filth that man has poured into them from his cities and factories that they no longer provide a home for fish or drinking water for man. And there is no need for us to point the finger of scorn at America, for there are signs enough in our own fair land to show that in our hundred years of settlement all has not been well in our treatment of the precious soil.

In the older countries, China, for instance, the soil has maintained huge populations for centuries. Yet here in a century of occupation and with a sparse population we have managed to destroy a large measure of the soil's fertility. Where our grandparents raised bumper crops without manure of any kind, present day farmers must have artificial fertilisers to produce a paying crop. Why? A New Zealand farmer once told me that he let the poorest paddock on his farm to a Chinese market gardener. When, after a period of years the lease expired that paddock was the best on his farm. And therein lies the secret. The Chinaman knew how to maintain and improve fertility. He knew he had to give back to the land, to pay a debt to the soil for the products he took from it.

That is what every good farmer and every good gardener must learn to do if our land is to remain fertile. And even the woman gardener who potters about with a few flowers can do her part. Just think of all the flowers and greenstuff you take from your flower beds every year, culminating in a great heap of rubbish in the autumn clean-up. All that "rubbish" represents a

large amount of plant food that has been taken from the soil—if a corresponding amount is not returned to the soil, the soil is just so much the poorer. So the gardener must take steps to restore this lost fertility.

We must first know that the soil consists of a mixture of sand and clay in varying proportions, with a certain quantity of what is called humus, some mineral matter, and a host of living bacteria which convert substances in the soil to a form suitable for absorption by plant roots. Never must we forget that the soil is living, not a dead, inert mass.

Bacteria cannot live without air and a certain amount of warmth, so the gardener cultivates and drains his soil. Then he provides the living organisms in the soil with plenty of material on which to work and provide the invaluable substances vaguely referred to as "humus." Now superphosphate and all other artificial manures are useless for this. The material must be of organic origin—that is it must at some time have formed the organs of a living animal or plant. So the material we require is animal manure—horse, cow, pig, fowl—bones, weeds, straw, sawdust, wood ashes, etc. If any of these are in plentiful supply they can be dug into the ground in winter (wood ashes in spring) or autumn, but care should be taken not to apply fresh manure, especially in the growing season.

A green crop can be grown on vacant areas of the garden and dug in some weeks before the ground is required. Lupins, mustard, oats, etc., are used in this way to provide humus.

But in these days when farmyard manure is so scarce the thrifty gardener builds his compost heap. All weeds except those like convolvulus and couch and those that have seeded, all kitchen refuse that will rot down, rags, feathers etc., are built into layers separated by thin layers of earth or manure and a sprinkling of lime. The heap must be kept moist, but not sodden, and should be built on a piece of dug ground. If the heap becomes dry it must be moistened by the addition of water or, better still, liquid manure. After some weeks the heap should be turned sides to middle and then left to mature, when it will consist of a fine, crumbly substance like leaf mould.

Compost made of too large a proportion of soft green weeds will contain too much nitrogen and encourage lush soft growth; so try and include

in your compost some dryer material such as straw. Stack bottom is splendid material, whether used direct on the garden or first incorporated in the compost heap. It has the one disadvantage that it often contains the seeds of weeds like sorrel and thistle. In a really well-made compost enough heat is generated to kill most weed seeds, and therefore it is safe to compost such material.

Enthusiastic composters indeed claim that all material for the soil should be composted before being applied, as the compost supplies plant food in a readily available form, and the crop responds immediately. And all those who have used compost in their vegetable plots know that it does get results, not only in size and vigour, but also in flavour.

"Bluegum" would be pleased to answer any queries on gardening matters.

REPORT OF DEMONSTRATION TOUR

I have just returned from a tour of the Thames and Coromandel districts, demonstrating the utilisation of farm products and waste materials and the itinerary, excellently arranged by Mrs. Brady, secretary of the Co-ordinating committee, Thames Valley, covered over 500 miles. A trip of this kind makes one realise what our women's organisations mean to countrywomen, the pleasure derived from their meetings, the co-operation and the friendliness, the kindness displayed and the social contact. I would like to pay a tribute to the manner in which branches are carried on in isolated districts. The need for speakers to attend their meetings is great. I was the first outside speaker that some groups had had during their years of existence. No matter how small the audience the same kindness, good fellowship and hospitality was expressed to me throughout my tour.

I left Helensville on a Sunday for Thames, the distance of 107 miles. On Monday we left Thames and took the route to Coromandel, which follows the coast for 21 miles then rose over two very high spurs with narrow, winding roads before descending to level country approaching Coromandel. It was very gratifying to see so many at Coromandel to welcome me. Tuesday, we left for Colville, accompanied by our hostess and her sister-in-law, who proved excellent guides on all historical points of interest. Here I addressed 24 keen countrywomen in whom I felt the response was great and it was one of my happiest meetings ever to be remembered. Returning to Coromandel after a trip of beauty and enjoyment, we stayed overnight again with our most charming hostess.

On Wednesday, at 11 a.m. we set out for Whitianga, travelling over very narrow and winding roads, with fine bush, fern and stream scenes. After lunch a meeting of 25 women listened with interest. At the conclusion the president in presenting a lovely posy expressed her thanks and trusted I would visit

(Continued on page 10)

PROVINCIAL NEWS

SOME TIPS TO PRESS REPORTERS

I am anxious to assist press reporters to send in only that material which is of national interest to our readers and hope these few lines will be helpful to them and will bring forth more of the kind of news that branches and provincials are waiting to hear.

It is not a bad idea, when writing your notes for the magazine, to imagine you are writing to some person you do not know in the furthestmost part of the country and just see if it makes interesting reading to someone who knows nothing of you or your district.

There is a vast difference between a report suitable for minutes and one suitable for publication; the former is purely a record but the latter should be news and we get far too many of the former for the magazine and too few of the latter.

In the February, 1946, issue of the magazine I gave a few points on this subject, but I think it is well to repeat them now. I said then: "... a member in Southland is not in the least interested in the fact that Mrs. So-and-so dispensed tea at a North Auckland function; nor is a Poverty Bay member interested in the fact that a beautiful shoulder spray made by Mrs. How-do-you-do, was presented to Miss What's-her-name in Canterbury."

DEMONSTRATION TOUR

(Continued from page 9)

their beaches, which I now agree are marvellous. Our kind friends ferried us across the river to see further the beauties of Whitianga.

Leaving Whitianga on Thursday we journeyed to Coroglen, accompanied by the local lady doctor, who proved an enlightening guide and great company. Coroglen meeting of 12 was appreciated by one and all, gladly receiving new ideas in craft work. The enthusiasm of members spread to the men, which led to a gathering of farmers in our hostess's home in the evening.

On Friday our journey was continued to Hikuaui over rough and hilly roads where we encountered the only rain at 750 feet above sea level. A small gathering of very interested ladies at Hikuaui listened until late in the afternoon. Bush telephone commenced working and at night there was a larger gathering in the home. I received impressions of kindness and appreciation and a little settlement needing help.

The drive to Waihi was beautiful in places and, arriving in good time we were met by Mrs. A. Blackmore, who chaired the meeting of W.I. and W.D. members who proved very keen.

Then, too, I get many reports from provincials giving a tabulated list of their branches and their activities, each only a sentence saying how much money they have raised for one purpose or another or how many parcels they have packed for Britain or that they increased their membership by a drive for new members. Now if they had given the same space and energy to telling HOW the money was raised, HOW they conducted their membership drive or a chatty paragraph about one of their packing days, it would have made interesting reading for anyone and, who knows, many branches looking for ideas may have gleaned an idea from it all.

I have had the opportunity lately of speaking to several groups along these lines and results are beginning to show; the following Provincial News is fuller and more interesting—notice how Matau branch apparently had nothing to write about but have told us in an interesting way how they overcame their difficulty of getting some of their members to a birthday party, how Puni branch tell of an original programme and how Pokeno branch write about their "Dinner at Eight," etc.

If contributors would write more fully about one particular thing rather than statistical sentences about a dozen things, it would be very much better.

A very pleasant week-end was spent at the home of Mr and Mrs. Blackmore, where I was able to give a practical demonstration on dyeing skins.

Monday saw us on the road to Wai-kino, where the large gold-mining battery near the hall formed a musical background to my lecture, to which the women listened attentively. Then we journeyed to Paeroa for an afternoon meeting, where 25 women gathered around, their keenness proved by questions. As we were to stay with the chairwoman at Tirohia, another meeting was arranged at the home for the Tirohia farmers.

Farewelling Paeroa on Tuesday, we left for Puriri where a small meeting proved very instructive and very happy.

We journeyed to Thames, where we were welcomed into the presence of 70 members and a very pleasant hour was spent.

On Wednesday we turned homewards, visiting Turua, and Turua was another place where I felt that my time was all too short.

Leaving for Ngatea for a meeting at 2 p.m. the president gave me a warm welcome. Keen interest was shown by the 20 members present. Owing to a Flower Show the next day, my place of abode was Waitakaruru on Wednesday night, where a few neighbours came

around for the evening. As the school master's wife was there, I was thrilled next day to see at the hall two seats of senior pupils and 45 members and friends.

Thus ended a very pleasant tour, packed full of kindness and good fellowship, and I set out for home with a very warm feeling.—E. V. McIntyre.

INTER-PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE AT AUCKLAND

A very successful inter-provincial conference, arranged by the Waitemata executive was held in Auckland in June. Mrs. I. Field presided and welcomed delegates from North Auckland, Marsden, Kaipara, South Auckland, Thames Valley, Waipa, Waikato East, Tauranga and Waitemata executives. Miss Joan Rattray, Auckland City Councillor, officially opened the deliberations and gave an interesting account of the work of the International Womens' Assembly which met in America this year to study the problems facing UNO. Women of every colour, representing 54 countries attended the assembly, and there was no suggestion of colour bar in any of the discussions. She was very impressed by the advanced knowledge in world affairs of many of the delegates. Miss Rattray pointed out that hunger was one of the greatest causes of war, and to help the millions of hungry people who were suffering as a result of the Second World War, the United Nations Organisation was setting up an enormous food depot for world-wide distribution.

A talk by Mrs. A. F. R. McIntosh, of Tuhikaramea, who was one of 5 women delegates to the UNO conference in New York, contained a plea to W.D. members to cherish the spirit of service, which was the spirit on which the W.D. was founded. The speaker mentioned the plight of 20,000,000 starving children in Europe and said it was hoped that every person in the Dominion would contribute a day's wages or income to an international fund to help these children, many of whom were parentless.

Greetings from the National Council of Women were extended by the Auckland president of that organisation and the aims of their constitution were explained.

The second day was occupied in discussing some of the remits for Dominion Conference, and Mrs. A. Blackmore of Waihi, a Dominion Advisory Board member, was present to help delegates with any problems.

On the first evening, the visiting delegates were entertained by the Auckland branch at a social evening in the Y.W.C.A. Lounge, when a musical programme was presented.

NELSON INTERPROVINCIAL MEETING

Marlborough, Golden Bay and Nelson Provincials combined recently to hold an interprovincial conference in Nelson. Buller executive were also invited but were not able to be present.

A very helpful and profitable day was spent and many things discussed ranging through education, social service, suggestions for altering words of W.D. song, nursing service and matters of law.

All present were glad when a resolution was passed deciding to have an annual interprovincial for the northern end of the South Island, the next to be in Blenheim.

SOUTH AUCKLAND

Huntly Branch at one of their meetings had a display of lovely crochet articles made by Mrs. W. Carson, who gave a demonstration on this work. Recent roll calls included "Your favourite sport or hobby," "Countries you would like to travel in," and "How did you enjoy the picnic," and must have been amusing.

At their garden party in February, **Ngaruawahia** branch concentrated on their sales table and succeeded in making a good donation to the Provincial Housekeeper Fund. On Anzac Day this branch placed a wreath on the cenotaph and at the R.S.A. concert that night presented a play, "Seeing the World," which, they say, was a riot.

Hamilton branch recently celebrated their twentieth birthday with a party to which they were pleased to welcome a number of visitors and their special guests were their first president and secretary, Mrs. Duxfield, Ngaruawahia, and Miss A. M. Bell.

Of course, there was a cake, and a delicious one, too, made by the branch's able secretary, Mrs. Minchin.

After lunch the gathering were entertained by items given by members of other branches, including a very amusing play presented by Ngaruawahia branch and some songs by Te Rapa Glee Club.

KAIPARA

Kaipara reports the formation of a new branch at Tomarata to be known as **Forest Reserve** branch. The organiser, Mrs. Osbaldiston, stressed the need for branch presidents to give helpful co-operation towards the forming of new branches and urged all to remember that "every branch is a link in the circle of love and love is the fulfilment of the law." Kaipara also have some dressmaking classes and we hope to hear more of the way they organise them at a later date.

Te Pua branch. A field day was held at South Head, 25 miles from Helensville, when on a fine day a large gathering of members and wives and friends met to extend the social interests of the soldiers' wives and members in the district.

The visitors were shown the lake, from which an extensive irrigation scheme carries a never-failing supply of water to the soldiers' farms which have been established by a miraculous transformation from a block of run country. The modern cowsheds were a source of considerable interest to the visiting farmers, their wives took the

same interest in the new ideas incorporated in the modern homes.

A sumptuous lunch was served in the large woolshed of Mr. and Mrs. Bromhall's block under difficulties but amid chuckles of pleasure. Mrs. McIntyre, president of the branch, extended a welcome to the soldiers' wives and presented each of the nine servicemen with a collection of shrubs and plants. Mrs. Bromhall was the recipient of a bouquet and each child present an orange grown by a branch member.

MANAWATU

Paraparaumu have received acknowledgement from the London Church Army for parcels of food sent and have given a silver sugar basin to "Kaianga Moe."

Waikanae branch, with the local branch of the Women's Institute, paid a visit to Massey College.

Members of **Otaki-Te Horo** branch, during the war, entertained numbers of merchant navy men and now are sending food parcels to their home addresses.

Otaki-Te Horo branch recently staged an antique and curio exhibition, the primary object being to raise funds for the branch's Food for Britain scheme, and also to afford the public the opportunity of seeing some of the beautiful objects of art and interest which have been cherished, in some cases for many generations, in the families of the district.

The exhibition was open in the afternoon and again in the evening, when there was a large attendance and the organisers, Mesdames C. C. Holmes and W. M. Simcox have a substantial amount to hand over to the fund.

Several rounds of inspection had to be made before one began to sort out the various exhibits according to individual attractions, for every single one had its own peculiar merit of craftsmanship, age or curiosity. There was a great collection of heirloom silver, some handsome Georgian pieces; snuff boxes, maundy money, card cases, delicate old lace; a large array of beautiful family jewellery and miniatures.

There were examples of Dresden china, Spode, Rockingham ware, Copeland, Old Worcester, Colport and Davenport, Old Greek and fine egg shell china; Yorkshire lustre, several fine specimens of continental china and pottery, softly tinted Chinese crackle vases and an exquisite table decoration set made of semi-precious stones.

The tea caddies in various styles, inlaid and plain, reminded one that tea was once scarcer than the ration allowance. One section was set apart for handwork and here were old samplers, tapestry and embroidery, pictures, Paisley and Cashmere shawls, hand-stitched and finely embroidered christening robes and bonnets which had served generations. Much interest was shown in the display of curios which included very old prints, early editions, glimpses on early New Zealand in water colour,

rare types of Maori weapons and implements, an eighteenth century royal child's toy, a set of duelling pistols and accessories, miniature furniture samples, a surgeon-barber's set and many interesting relics of wars.

The branch is very grateful to all who loaned their treasures and so helped towards the success of the function. It was most gratifying to the organisers to hear the enthusiastic comments of all who visited the exhibition and the many requests for a repeat of the exhibition.

Manakau opened their year's activities with a successful garden party and their branch funds were increased as a result.

Ohau branch invited all the women of the district to a recent meeting and presented the aims and objects of the Division to them. Dressmaking classes were being planned and they passed an amount of money to their Palmerston North hospital visitor to be spent on gifts for sick W.D. members.

Levin branch held a small flower show and made a profit. Levin Junior have found it necessary to go into recess in the meantime because of their members marrying and leaving the district or having other interests.

Moutoa held a meeting at Mangahao and after the business paid a visit to the power station and the well-kept township.

For many years past the **Moutoa** branch have organised an annual dinner at which they have entertained their men-folk. This year, members agreed with the suggestion of their president, Mrs. S. Barber, that the funds that are usually collected by voluntary contribution to cover expenses for the dinner be handed to the Shannon R.S.A. to assist them to provide food for their British comrades.

The money collected totalled £15/1/6 and was handed at a social evening to the Shannon R.S.A. representative, Mr. B. Clayton, who thanked the branch for its generosity and complimented members on their very fine gesture.

The evening itself was a great social success and the men's version of a marching display in female attire was enjoyed by all. Opportunity was also taken to present the garden circle Cup, this year's winner being Mrs. Fuller.

Several Manawatu branches have assisted "Sunrise," the blind soldiers' home.

THE DOMINION PRESIDENT VISITS PIAKO

I have just been to hear Mrs. Elliott, our Dominion President, give a stirring address to from 80 to 100 members and friends at Morrinsville.

It is very illuminating and satisfying to find we have one so grateful and so humble as our president, and we would do well to follow her example. Our W.D.F.F. would be a much more vital movement if we did.

I was particularly struck by Mrs. Elliott's appeal to branches to make

PROVINCIAL NEWS—contd.

a special effort to introduce into each of our branch meetings something "international," to learn something about some other country. She said she was sure it was every woman's wish and aim to make peace and goodwill in the world to-day, and that it was lack of understanding, ignorance, and I think she said, fear, that prevented us achieving it.

I agree with Mrs. Elliott and consider this needs much careful thought. If we can only try to understand the human feelings and fears of women of other nations, mothers, sisters and the little children, too, they feel much as we do, don't you think?

I wonder a lot what families in other countries think of us when there is a war on. When our war machines go over and destroy their homes, kill many of their loving husbands, sons and brothers on the battle front. How do the women feel? Just as we in New Zealand would in the same position.

Christ never wrote a book.

He never held an office.

He never had a family.

He never went to college.

He never travelled 200 miles from the place where he was born. But all the armies that ever marched and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that One solitary life. "Spiritual power is the only possible answer to material power."

Now Mrs. Elliott has appealed to us to be international. Are we honestly going to try to be international, or are we going just so far, and then feel we want to save a safe little corner of the world for ourselves; protected by armies, navies and air force?

Mrs. Elliott is on her way to Amsterdam Conference, may our hearts and thoughts be with her and those other women all over the world in their important task in drawing together in peace and goodwill. We sincerely thank Mrs. Elliott for filling such an important position on our behalf.

CENTRAL TARANAKI

Eight members of Matau branch wanted to attend Huiroa branch's birthday party being held some miles away over a difficult road and this is how they got over their difficulty.

They had only one lady driver who would take her car over the saddles, but she could not take seven passengers so the president and two vice-presidents who were close neighbours carried out a plan of action. They rose early, cut school lunches and did necessary housework and set out from home at 8 a.m. with one kind husband who was going past Huiroa to Stratford taking his two small children to dental clinic while mother attended the party. They arrived at Huiroa intending to remain in the hall all the morning until the meet-

ing in the afternoon, but it was so bitterly cold they called on a member who lives near the hall and were made very welcome. It was still early morning, so the visitors set to and helped with the housework and then decided to cook themselves a dinner with some of the food they had brought with them for the meal they thought they would have in the hall. What a thrill these visitors had in cooking their meal in an electric range and doing a row or two of knitting while it cooked. They had a happy time at the party and were ready when the car returned at four to take them home for milking and meals for hungry children and farm men.

Lowgarth branch have honoured their first president with life membership in recognition of her long and outstanding service for the Division.

SOUTH TARANAKI

At their annual meeting, South Taranaki had as their guests the Mayor and Mayoress of Hawera, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Clapham, and the president of South Taranaki Federated Farmers' provincial, Mr. E. W. McCallum. This executive have difficulty in securing the services of housekeepers and are now exploring the possibility of establishing a residential nursery.

Otakeho branch reports a very successful year and that their library now contains 200 books.

THAMES VALLEY

Coromandel branch, once a year, entertain elderly people to a social afternoon. This year there was a good attendance of the branch's elderly friends and a very nice afternoon tea was served by the members. An iced cake, made by Mrs. Bouskill and iced by Mrs. Perfect, made an attractive centrepiece for the table. The oldest lady present, Mrs. Carlson, extinguished the candles and the next oldest, Mrs. Vox, cut the cake.

Mrs. Turner arranged an excellent musical programme and this was appreciated by all present. Gifts were distributed to oldest and next oldest ladies; Mr. and Mrs. Strongman, oldest couple; Mrs. Turner, youngest lady; Mr. Suiter, oldest gentleman and Mr. Boswell, youngest gentleman. A gift was also sent to Mrs. Boyce, who was a patient in hospital. A pleasant afternoon was concluded with a message from Mrs. McKenzie, life member of the branch, and also from Mr. Strongman.

WAIPA

Te Awanui branch have had a most successful year, closing with a membership of 154. They have their own club room, which proves a boon to many. Members of the branch catered for the Y.F.C. annual dance and the boys showed their appreciation by giving the branch a donation.

WAIARAPA

Wairarapa Executive have two senior and one junior housekeepers who are constantly in demand.

Masterton branch are now settled in their new premises at 30 Church Street and it is an ideal place for country

mothers to take their children for a rest when in town for the day.

Longbush branch have sent food parcels to Britain and a donation to the Obstetrical Fund.

So far, Mauriceville branch have sent over one hundred parcels overseas, also a case of foodstuffs for the St. George Society and a case of food and toys for Dr. Barnado's Home.

Seven food parcels in addition to two 60 lb. boxes of food have been sent to Britain by Pahautea, who have also arranged for parcels of clothes to be sent to CORSO, City Missions, Air Force Relations and the Lepers.

WAITEMATA

This executive have now officially changed their name to Auckland, but are listed under the W's for this issue because that is familiar to us all.

Auckland executive have recently formed two new branches, at Mercer and Awhitu. The executive filled 44 housekeeper engagements and have a staff of three housekeepers; the hospital visiting committee have paid 67 visits to patients from 18 different districts.

Puni branch struck an original note in the programme they arranged for their "guest night" when husbands and friends were entertained. Proof of the interest taken by members of the music circle under the direction of Mrs. C. Irwin and the drama circle under Mrs. J. Landon, was evident in the excellent entertainment arranged.

"That Sad Affair at Puni," a well-acted humorous play about gossiping neighbours, brought roars of laughter from the audience. A pianoforte solo and items by the choir followed, then a short sketch "At the Railway Station" depicted an harassed mother of a large brood and a father too interested in his pipe and paper to assist her, and was played excellently. Next, the choir presented "Old Virginny," and a burlesque number followed by another humorous sketch, "Mechanical Jane," and the antics of a mechanical maid out of control caused a great deal of amusement. There were other songs and duets, and finally a humorous song entitled "The Women's Division." Dance music brought the evening to a close. (I wonder if the words of the last song mentioned are available for publication?—Ed.).

Pokeno branch celebrated their birthday a while ago with a "Dinner at Eight," and it must have been a gay affair. From surrounding branches came the presidents, secretaries and their husbands and these with the branch's own members and their husbands totalled about eighty to sit down to dinner. The tables were beautifully arrayed with cold meats, poultry, salads savoury and fruit, jellies and trifles, cakes and all the etceteras. This sumptuous repast was preceded by the recitation of the Creed and followed by "after dinner speeches" and appreciation was shown by the visitors. There were

(Concluded on page 13)

BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS

"The thing I have learned from life is my enjoyment of it. And all I ask of the future is to be as interesting as the past." A fellow creature after my own heart is Harold Dearden, who wrote the above as the concluding sentences of some very readable reminiscences of his experiences as a doctor: "Time and Chance." What a different world it would be if we all took his words as our motto!

"Don't Keep the Van-man Waiting" is the intriguing title of another autobiography, this one by a Hungarian-born naturalised Englishman, Adam de Hegedus. The middle section deals with his experiences in the army, which will be much appreciated by a Mr. F.F. with similar experiences.

"African Journey," by Mrs. Paul Robeson is "a book (to quote our Dominion President) which will rupture our smugness."

Did you ever read "Anthony Adverse" by Hervey Allen? Well, then you will be interested in a new series by the same author. There are to be five books altogether, portraying the early history of America. The first two, "The Forest and the Fort," and "Bedford Village," tell the hero's story from his childhood in an Indian village to his marriage to an Irish girl and will be enjoyed by every member of the family.

"The Tree in the Yard" (Betty Smith) is a life-like family study, full of humour and pathos. "A tree grows in Brooklyn" was the film version.

Have you read any of Norah Loft's books, "Hester Room" is set in the 18th century, but is no glamour story. It sets out the appalling conditions of the servant class in the England of the time and of the slaves in the West Indies, but is nonetheless thrilling for its starkness.

In conclusion, may I give you a library list of some lighter reading: "Can I go There?" Ann Heppie; "The Patchwork Quilt," Netta Muskett; "Darling Clementina," Maisie Greig. "The Man in Brown," (Maurice Walsh) is quite a good mystery. Au revoir and good reading.—Bernice.

PROVINCIAL NEWS—concluded

musical items, a birthday cake and lovely shoulder sprays for each visiting president. And as if this celebration was not enough—the following day the children of the branch members, about fifty, were entertained to a party!



Her Excellency, Lady Freyberg, takes supper with, left, Mrs. Will. Appleton, Mayoress of Wellington, and the Dominion President, Mrs. W. Elliott.

A "MARY" MIND

Lord of all pots and pans and things,
since I have no time to be
A saint, by doing lovely things, or
watching late with Thee,
Or dreaming in the dawnlight, or storm-
ing Heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals and
washing up plates.

Although I must have Martha hands,
I have a Mary mind,
And when I black the boots, Thy sand-
dals, Lord, I find;
I think how they trod the earth, what
time I scrub the floor.
Accept this meditation, Lord, I have
no time for more.

Warm all the kitchen with Thy love
and light it with Thy peace,
Forgive me all my whining and make
all grumblings cease.
Thou who didst love to give men food,
in room or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do, I do it
unto Thee.

* * *

In the last issue there was a funny little printers' error, corrected before final printing, but here it is. In the Pioneer Story, left column at the bottom of the page is a paragraph commencing "My first pioneering experiences befell me when the family drew by ballot a section at Arapae, at Te Kuiti. The whole family, father, mother, sisters . . ." But two lines were transposed and it read: "My first pioneering experiences befell me when the family drew by ballot a whole family, father, mother, sisters . . ."

NO MORE complementary FEEDING

writes Mrs. Goodison, Herne Bay
After taking LACTAGOL

Herne Bay,
Auckland.
26th Aug., 1946

Messrs. Salmond & Spraggon Ltd.,
Dear Sirs,

I have great pleasure in writing and thanking you for your very generous sample of "Lactagol". It has done myself and my baby a world of good.

Before I started taking Lactagol, I had to complement my baby after every feed. The week after taking Lactagol, baby gained a full pound. From being 8lbs. 6ozs. at seven weeks, she went to 9lbs. 6ozs. at eight weeks. I had to reduce time for feeding by half. Now she is gaining nicely each week and is contented and well.

Also I notice a big difference in myself, no longer feeling weak after each feed. Thanks to "Lactagol" I was able to nurse my mother and father-in-law right through a bad attack of 'flu and look after my baby as well. I ran a household of eight people on my own. I would never have been able to do it without the aid of Lactagol.

Thanking you once again,

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) E. P. Goodison

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(Economy size)

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FREE SAMPLE

Lactagol Ltd., Dept.
Box 977, Wellington.
Please send me free sample of Lactagol, together with useful booklet for expectant or nursing mothers.

Name

Address

Splinters from the Backblocks

(Continued from Page 4)

the track to snatch a mouthful of grass.

"Home, Sally," said Jock triumphantly. Sally saw a small two-roomed whare, built of thick, pit-sawn timber and roofed with thick black rubberoid. A tiny black speck set in that little green oasis among the acres of age-old bush, ridge after ridge as far as the eye could see, the only signs of life being two black sheep dogs ferociously barking a welcome from their roughly-made kennels, and on the hillside by the whare, a few sheep were grazing—some with the wool broken and torn on their backs from rubbing under the logs and stumps.

Sally climbed stiffly down and entered her new home. Jock had already started a fire blazing in the big iron chimney built on one side of the tiny living room. An outsize in kettles and an even larger size in camp-ovens hung on hooks suspended from an iron rod set about two feet above and across the blazing fire.

Soon Jock had a steaming hot cup of tea ready, with chops quickly fried in the middle of that huge camp oven—bread and butter. The travellers were refreshed.

Sally took a quick look around her new home. The rooms were small—the flooring bare pit-sawn boards; the walls were more or less tastefully papered with pictures and advertisements from a weekly paper. A cupboard made from an old butter-box hung roughly on the wall, a few tins of condensed milk, "bully beef," jam, tea, pepper, salt, a bag each of sugar and flour, and a seven pound tin of golden syrup seemed to be all their larder consisted of. Furniture—there was very little except home-made table, chairs and bed. All the cooking was evidently to be done with those queer heavy camp ovens. Bread! Sally began to have doubts about the making of it—when Jock's cheerful voice broke in with "How's this, Sally? Our own home!"

"Wonderful," smiled Sally. They were young and full of hope and had willingly chosen their life on this back country farm. Who can say they were not happy?

Sally woke with a start and hastily picked up her knitting. Surely—she and Sally of those early days had passed a happy hour together.

II.

"Tap, tap. Hammer, hammer." Well, they are getting on with that new house down our street, thought Sally as she pulled up the ever-persistent weeds in her flower-garden. Really, she found the sun was very hot—the shade of the big tree on the lawn proved too inviting to Sally as she sought its shelter for a few moments' relaxation from weeding.

Tap, tap, tap—the sound grew more insistent. Why! she was standing right beside the old carpenter, who with

throaty mumbles and laborious heaves was setting up the framework of their first little home in the bush.

Sally was smiling happily as she chatted with the old man. This lean-to cottage was going to be quite a palace for Sally and Jock after their two-roomed whare of pit-sawn timber and rubberoid walls. Why, it would have a good-sized living room and a bedroom in the front, backed by a kitchen, a tiny bedroom for a rare visitor and a luxury—a bathroom! Really, it will be wonderful, thought Sally, and, indeed, it would be an achievement, for building a home in the backblocks thirty years ago certainly presented difficulties.

First, the timber to be purchased from the saw mill, miles away by the railway line. Timber was just "timber" to Sally. It all looked alike, "2 x 4" and "O.B." and all the rest of the "running feet" of timber that Jock spoke so glibly of. Then to find the money for its purchase had been a big problem on that new bush farm. However, finally it was bought and began on the first few miles of its journey in a bullock-wagon. All too soon the rough road ceased and narrowed to a track which wound down and over a stiff ravine.

Here the bullocks stopped with many a husky bellow. The timber was unloaded and wired across the ravine—nailed lightly to the fencing wire with a staple and sent thrumming down the wire to land with a bang and a crash as it reached the opposite side. There the old pack horse was waiting. "Crusty" by name and somewhat crusty by nature! The timber was loaded on to his none too willing sides and with an indignant flick of his tail and shake of his head, old Crusty sauntered off with his ungainly load. Slowly he wandered round the many curves of that winding bush track, followed by many an indignant "Get up, Crusty, you old ——" from Jock on the saddle horse behind him.

Finally they reached the side of another ravine, on the opposite side of which their house was to be. Here the timber was unstrapped and fell with a bump to the ground. Old Crusty shook himself vigorously as if, now the load was gone, he would rid himself of the ungainly pack-saddle. Alas, poor Crusty. You would carry many such unwelcome loads before there was enough timber for a house.

Again the timber was wired across the ravine to land with a thud and a thump on the piece of ground where the house was to be. The struggle for the timber passed through Sally's mind, and she thought, "Even if this is only a tiny home for us, it has taken much more getting than many a palace."

The ground where she was standing did not look particularly inviting. It had been recently cleared and burnt of its original growth of bush and fern. The result was black twisted roots and stumps and the ground itself covered with thick, dusty, wood ash.

"Wonder how I'll get on washing clothes, s'pose they'll fall on those ashes," mused Sally. But here she was interrupted by a hearty, "How's that, Missis, the last piece of the framework is up." The old carpenter spoke with a note of pride from the depths of his long white beard. Sally beamed on him—then looked up to her present home, the little rubberoid whare on the hill. The old man would want his dinner. She could hear the dogs barking—Jock was coming. She must go and "stoke up" the fire over which was hanging the big camp oven in which the roast of mutton and potatoes were cooking.

"Cooking!" Sally woke with a start. Yes, it was she who was cooking now. The sun was blazing its summer heat on her—surely she had been asleep and her thoughts had wandered back into her past to find just another "Chip from the Backblocks" of thirty years ago.

III.

"Knock, knock." Sally stirred sleepily and switched on the light. "3.30 a.m." Now who can that be—perhaps someone sick. Sally jumped out of bed, hastily slipped on a dressing-gown and opened the door to a perturbed young man. "Can I use your phone? My wife's bad. She must get to the nursing home quickly." After several attempts a taxi is found and in a few moments the young wife will be safely at the hospital where nurses and doctor will be waiting ready to help her.

Sally went back to bed and snuggled down for another couple of hours' sleep. As she lay there, she thought of the neighbour and speculations as to the sex of the baby were uppermost in her mind, then, gradually, gradually, her thoughts went back into her own past.

The months for Sally and Jock in "The Home" had been busy and happy ones. There had been plenty to do, getting the little home in order; floors to stain, chintz curtains and cushions to make. A dressing-table for the bed room was made from a packing case with chintz pleated all round and a big mirror hung on the wall above it; curtain wardrobe of the same chintz. In the kitchen, shelves held their cups and saucers, pots and pans and a big round bowl for washing dishes was on the much-scrubbed table. The stove was a Dover. It stood on its four legs about a foot off the floor. Sally found the space beneath very handy to dry the firewood.

What a gem the little Dover had proved to cook with. Breadmaking no longer presented difficulties and as for hot water to wash up, there was always a kettle boiling on the stove and when it was "bath night"—well, they boiled the copper outside in the yard. Jock carried it in bucketfuls into the tiny bath room with its painted enamel bath. The paint "on and off" that bath—well, perhaps a tale could be told, then again perhaps not.

Their evenings had passed quickly as Sally had sat with pattern books around her as she fumbled over tiny garments or puckered her brows over the intri-

cacies of knit two, purl two, slip one. Her thoughts had dwelt rather anxiously on the "big adventure" before her. She thought of one woman she knew whose baby arrived before its time, and found the young mother all alone and unprepared. A frantic message from the husband had brought a distant and kindly neighbour, brave, that while she knew nothing of mid-wifery she brought that woman through her confinement with the aid of an old doctor's book, which she feverishly studied as she helped her friend as best she could through the long hours until the baby was born. Surely those were two very brave women, thought Sally. "Having a baby" in the backblocks was truly hazardous thirty years ago.

Jock was worried also, and it was with a feeling of relief that he brought the horses ready to the gate one fine summer morning. The two saddle horses for himself and Sally and the old pack horse for the boxes. Slowly and carefully Sally mounted and away down the track they went. Even though the pace was slow, every jog of the horse jerked poor Sally. Really, riding was no pleasure in these strange circumstances and Sally was very relieved after some miles had gone to find a friend waving from her gate a cheery greeting with "Come in, my dear. Have a rest. There is a cup of tea waiting for you." How very grateful Sally was to her friend with her kind thoughts and words of encouragement, from this fine woman who herself had already known the "adventure of motherhood." Jock himself was nothing loath to have the refreshing cup of tea and smoke a pipe with the farmer while they discussed the prospect of a good "burn" for their fallen bush.

Then again the ride commenced. This time to the banks of the river where they were to catch the river-boat. Jock had chosen this route as, although the river journey was wearisome, the ride was shorter than that to the railway station, a consideration under the present circumstances. At last through the fern and scrub from the brow of the hill they sighted the river far below them. A winding, precipitous path led down to it. A path which took all their horses' skill to negotiate. Sally and Jock's horses just slithered down, the

old pack-horse led by Jock nearly slithering on top of them, while Sally's precious boxes bumped about on the old pack-saddle.

Sally finally slid from her saddle with a sigh of relief, very thankful the first stage of their journey was safely over. Would that boat never come? After what seemed an age, they heard the welcome chut-chut as the sturdy river launch came round the bend towards them. Surely a welcome sight.

The journey up the river, Sally supposed, was very pretty, but, oh, it was long and she was so weary. Too weary to be interested in the great skill which Rangī, the big Maori, displayed as he poled the boat up the shallow rapids.

Dusk was falling as they reached the little township. Sally will always remember gratefully the kindly welcome she received from the owners of the boarding-house as she dragged her weary limbs up the steps. A hot meal and then bed.

The journey was not yet ended—no trained nurse was available so Jock had decided Sally must go further afield to a bigger town where proper facilities existed, but the day had been long and weary for Sally and in a few moments she was asleep, very thankful the first stage of their journey was safely over.

Ping, ping, ping, ping. Sally woke with a real start this time. The hours had slipped by. Why, it was nearly 8 o'clock. "Ting, ting, ting, ting." The telephone was very insistent.

Sally picked up the receiver. "Will you please tell your neighbour up the road that he has a son. Mother and baby both well."

Sally hastened away to give the glad news. She could not help pondering over this last splinter that had fallen from her backblocks days. Even now she could see another splinter ready to fall, as her mind dwelt on the completion of her long journey, her baby's birth and their home-coming; but, well, that splinter must keep for another time.

IV.

Sally sat on her front porch knitting for her newest grandchild. Looking up, she saw a taxi draw up next door and the young mother with her fourteen days old son, step out—a glow of pride

on the young mother's face as she brought home her first little son.

Sally put the knitting down for a few minutes and, as she gazed out on the road, it became more and more dim, and here she was holding her own tiny daughter in her arms as she stepped out of the train at the little King Country station.

Yes, here she was, really on her way to their backblocks home again. She could scarcely believe it—really going home with the tiny baby cuddled safely in her arms. That long journey away for the birth of the child had been further lengthened by a slip on the line and long hours waiting in the train, but finally Jock and Sally had reached their destination. Jock had reluctantly to leave her here while he returned to his farm "to try and get his burn away." Sally was thankful for a few days' rest with some good friends until, until, in the very early hours of a summer morning (why do babies prefer such hours to make their entrance into the world) Sally knew her hour had come. For that greatest experience a woman can have—the bringing of a new life into the world. We all know it—we mothers. Then that most wonderful sound the annoyed crying of a new-born babe. "Whose baby was that?" drowsily thought Sally. It surely couldn't be hers.

"There, there, my dear, it is all over now, and here is a pretty little girl for you. A real pet she is my dear." The cheery voice of the old nurse broke through her lassitude and Sally knew at last she was a mother.

Sally's progress towards recovery was slow and the baby was three weeks old before Sally could leave the nursing home. The nurse had been so kind to Sally, though her ideas perhaps did not measure up to the standard of 1947. Her thought and care for the young mother could not have been bettered, even though she advised a large dose of castor oil per week!! as necessary for the baby's health and "Whenever she cries, dearie, just give her a good spoonful of Gripe water, That will make the little pet better."

Poor Sally. She was entirely and woefully ignorant of the care of babies. Not being one of a large family, she had had nothing at all to do with them, so it was rather tremulously she set out from the home with the precious baby most tenderly, but most inexpertly clasped in her arms, and she also clutched tightly her hand-bag with the bottles of castor oil and gripe water its chief contents.

Where was Jock, you will ask. Well, he was waiting with eager impatience at the little back-country station to greet Sally as she stepped out of the train. You may be sure Jock was all excitement as he peeped in the folds of the shawl at their dark-haired daughter. He was all keenness to get them home as fast as he could. "Sally, Sally," Jock said. "Three miles of road formed. You can start your journey

(Continued on Page 16)



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Arthur is always teasing me about what he calls my "Scotch streak" I've always saved and always will I suppose. But I started off in National Savings during the war and have kept it up regularly ever since. There's over £100 there now and it's still growing — in five years time when Arthur retires we're going for that holiday to Sydney we've always promised ourselves. But you've got to save before you can spend and National Savings is the best encouragement to thrift that I know of.

The policy of
**"LEAVE IT TO THE
OTHER FELLOW"**
never helped anyone!

Who is this "other fellow"?

Do we know him?

Does he live in **OUR** street . . . our town?



The "other fellow" is a New Zealander! He is the regular coupon-saver who with the help of his wife and family has already saved millions of butter and meat coupons for Britain. He is the man who produces the maximum from his farm; who processes it well; who carries it without delays. He is the man who gives to the community an honest day's work whatever his profession or calling.

The "other fellow" is also a housewife. A woman who saves food for Britain by carefully planning meals to save fats . . . meat . . . butter!

Are YOU one of these "other fellows"? or are you leaving this big job for these willing ones?

So come on! Lend a hand . . . because each empty foodship takes a power of filling!

For Britain's sake let's all
work together to **FILL THE FOODSHIPS**

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